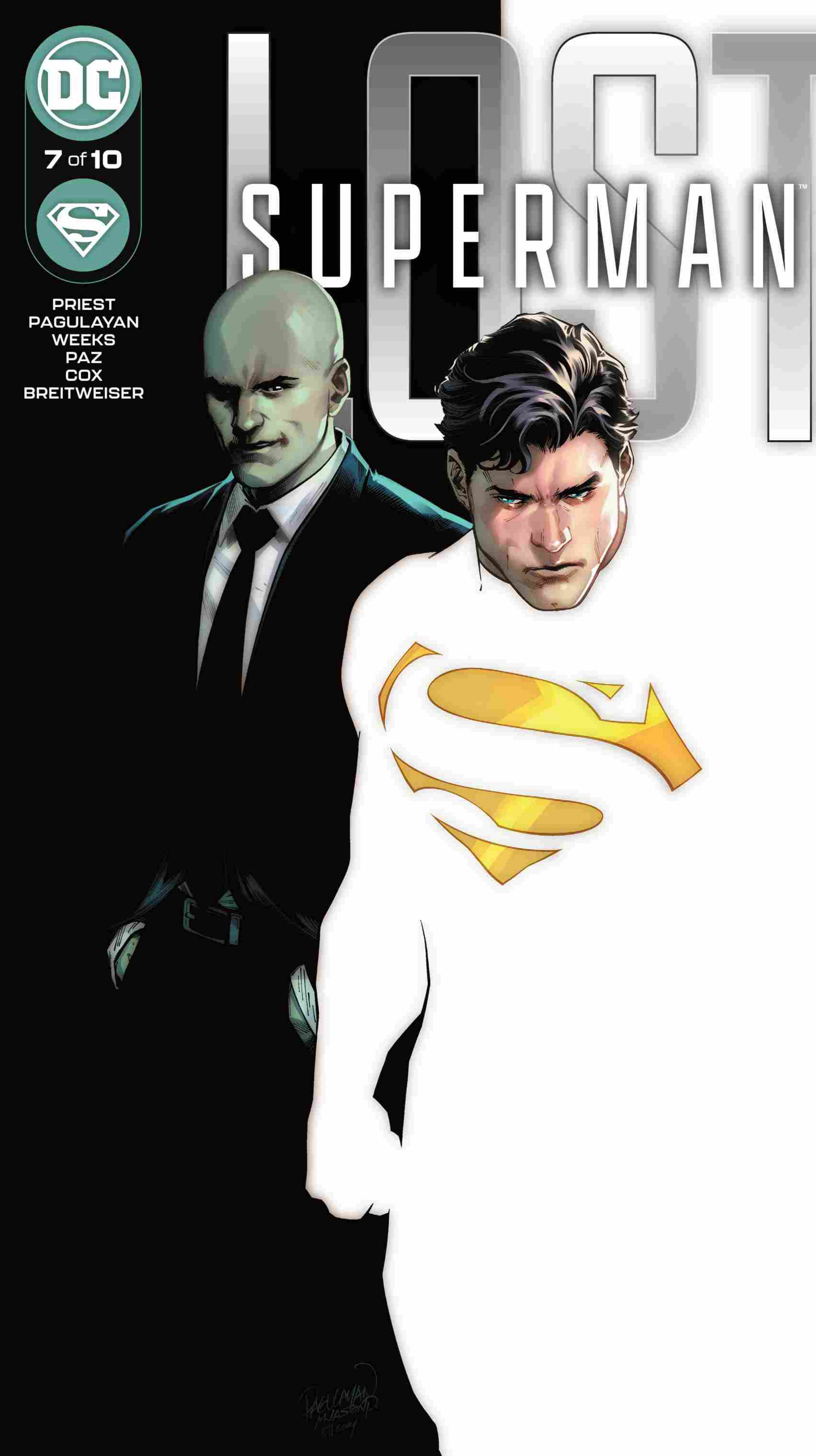
DC

7 of 10

SUPERMAN™

PRIEST
PAGULAYAN
WEEKS
PAZ
COX
BREITWEISER



13+
TEEN

A young Clark Kent finds his place in a world filled with hate, without losing his greatest power—hope.

SUPERMAN

the Harvests of Youth

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Written and Drawn by

Sina Grace

DC

A new graphic novel for young adults

October

NOT YET...BUT I'M WORKING ON IT.

MADE BAY SCALLOPS.

CLARK... I...

WENT TO SEE A DOCTOR TODAY.

?! HOW DID Y--

KARA RECOM-MENDED HIM.

...?!

YOU'RE HOME.

"Serendipity"

DAY 71

I THINK HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP.

GREAT.

TELL ME ABOUT IT...

AACCCKK-!

WHAT-- AGAIN...?

STERN PROFESSIONAL BUILDING

STERN PROFESSIONAL BUILDING

"The First Clue"

HOURS BEFORE

MIKE...YOU'RE A MENACE WITH THAT COFFEE-POT.

YEAH, I KNOW.

IF ONLY I HAD SOME-ONE...

...SAY, A *SEC-RETARY* WHO COULD--

BUT YOU DON'T.

WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT.

WHAT'S THIS "WE" CRAP...?

HAVEMEYER CANCELED. BIG SHOCK.

>SIGH< ALL RIGHT.

GUESS I'LL CATCH UP ON MY REA--

--HELLO--?

SORRY TO JUST BARGE IN, DOCTOR.

YAH, ME TOO.

I'M NOT A DOCTOR.

WHADDAYA WANT?

GOOD QUESTION.

FOR MOST OF MY LIFE, I'VE FELT *ALONE*. BUT AS IT TURNS OUT...

...I HAVE A *COUSIN*.

WAIT... HOW DID YOU GET IN H--

--OHHH.

I THOUGHT A LOW PROFILE MIGHT BE BEST.

AND SINCE HAVEMEYER CAN-CELED...

I DON'T REMEMBER KRYPTON. I LOST MY WORLD WHEN I WAS AN INFANT.

MY COUSIN, ON THE OTHER HAND, WAS A TEENAGER. SHE HAD A *HOME*. FAMILY AND FRIENDS...

...AND LOST *ALL* OF IT.

EVERYTHING. EVERY*ONE*. A TEENAGER... SUFFERING *UNIMAGINABLE* EMOTIONAL TRAUMA.

I'VE BEEN PATRONIZING... LIKE AN IDIOT. "MENTORING" HER...

...WITHOUT THE FIRST CLUE OF THE PAIN THE GIRL HAS BEEN MASKING.

BUT YOU HAVE THE FIRST CLUE *NOW*.

I MEAN, YOU'RE *HERE*.

KARA LET ME HAVE HER APPOINT-MENT.

TWO MONTHS, SHE'S BEEN TRYING.

HAVE-MEYER.

NO. WE'RE TALKING ABOUT SOMEONE ELSE NOW.

SOMEONE YOU'RE CLOSE TO. AND SHE'S TRYING TO...?

GET ME HOME.

BUT YOU'RE *NOT* HOME. YOU'RE *HERE*. WITH *ME*.

KARA. "HAVEMEYER."

IT'S BEEN TWO MONTHS, DOCTOR--

NOT A DOCTOR.

I'M LOSING HER... THE LOVE OF MY LIFE.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIX IT.

NEITHER DO I.

NOT A DOCTOR, NOT A MAGICIAN. SO...

...LET'S GET STARTED.

oblivion

SUPERMAN: LOST
BOOK SEVEN

priest — script **carlo pagulayan** — pencils **jason paz** — inks **lee weeks** — art pgs. 6-14
jeromy cox — colors **elizabeth breitweiser** — colors pgs. 6-14 **willie schubert** — letters
carlo pagulayan, jason paz with **elmer santos** — cover
lee weeks with **elizabeth breitweiser** — variant cover **montos** with **matt herms** — 1:25 variant cover
jillian grant — assistant editor **brittany holzherr** — editor **paul kaminski** — group editor
special thanks to **mark waid & mike carlin**

superman CREATED BY **jerry siegel & joe shuster.** BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.

FrRRzzZZtt... thuSPATekkk...

MUTE YOUR PSK.* MARQUIS IS USELESS HERE...

...WITHIN THESE GRAVI-METRIC DISTOR-TIONS.

*PERSONAL SURVIVAL KIT --BRITTANY

TALK TO ME.

I CAN READ YOUR PSK TRANS-MISSIONS.

WHO ARE YOU?

WHO DO I *LOOK* LIKE?

"You, Me, and Marquis"

ANOMALY A612
YEAR NINETEEN

THIS CLOSE TO THE SINGU-LARITY...

...HOW ARE WE NOT BEING TORN APART...?

I'VE HAD *DECADES* TO SURVEY A612.

I FOUND SEVERAL PROTECTED "LANES" NEAR THE ANOMALY...

...WHERE THE TIDAL EFFECT OF THE GRAVIMETRIC WAVES IS NEUTRAL-IZED...

...BY SYM-PATHETIC PHASE VARIANCE.

I'M *YOU*, CLARK.

ESCAPED VICTOR'S PLANET IN ORDER TO *SAVE* IT.

AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT I *TOLD* MY-SELF...

THE *MARQUIS* UNIT... MAPPING THE JOURNEY--

USE-LESS.

THE SINGULAR-ITY'S GRAVITY WELL HAS ALREADY *SCRAMBLED* IT.

YOU WILL *NEVER* LOCATE THAT PLANET AGAIN.

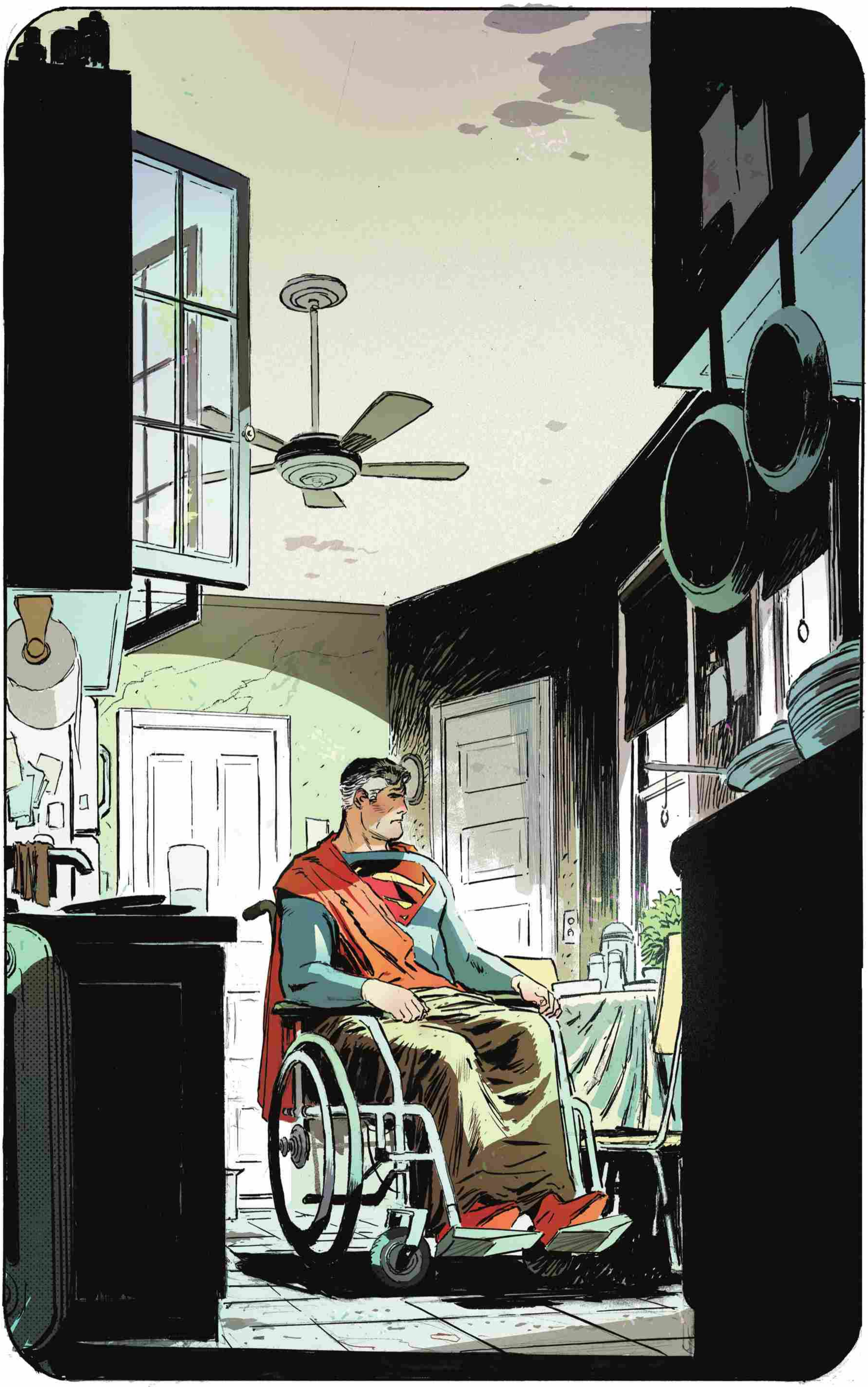
DECADES HAD PASSED BY THE TIME I REACHED HOME. I LOST...

...EVERY-THING... EVERY-*ONE*...

THEN WHY TRAVEL BACK THROUGH TIME TO RETURN HERE? WHAT DO YOU *WANT?*

ISN'T IT *OBVIOUS?* I WANT TO SAVE YOU...

...FROM *YOUR-SELF*...



...

...HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?

"Altered State"

DAY 9,125

EASIER... AND FASTER... THAN YOU COULD IMAGINE.

YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE, JIMMY.

MAKES TWO OF US.

I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT... WHEN I SPOTTED YOU ON THE *STREET*...

...PAN-HANDLING? SUPERMAN?!

CLARK.

YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW. PROBABLY ALREADY KNEW.

DOES *LOIS* KNOW...?

RE-MARRIED. YEARS AGO. YOU KNEW THAT.

KNEW *WHAT?*

THAT TWO OF MY *BEST FRIENDS*...

...ARE THE *SAME MAN?*

OR THAT A GUY WHO CAN CRUSH *COAL* INTO *DIAMONDS*...

...IS SQUATTING IN AN ABANDONED TENE-MENT...

...BEGGING FOR *SPARE CHANGE*...?!

US...

...SUPERMAN... IS HERE...TO CARE FOR *US*...

OINOS, NAMED AFTER THE MIRACLE AT CANA...

...THE "MIRACLE" FILTRATE REVERSING THE GREENHOUSE EFFECT ON EARTH...

...INHIBITS SUPERMAN'S BODY FROM EFFICIENTLY ABSORBING SOLAR RAYS.

LISA AND I LED THE TEAM THAT *CREATED* OINOS. WE'RE *RESPONSIBLE*--

IT WAS ONLY RIGHT THAT WE TRY TO FIND A WAY TO GENETICALLY *ALTER* SUPERMAN...

...RESTORE HIS *POWERS*.

INSTEAD, THEIR EFFORTS DAMAGED THEIR OWN DNA CODE.

HAD I KNOWN, I NEVER WOULD HAVE APPROVED...

SO, WAIT... YOU'RE SAYING...

...WE FINALLY FOUND A WAY TO REVERSE *CLIMATE CHANGE*...

...BUT WE DESTROYED SUPERMAN...?

NO. I DID THAT.

ME... AND MY *PRIDE*...

"ALTHOUGH SEVERELY WEAKENED...

"...I WAS ALSO IN *DEEP DENIAL*.

"SO WHEN THE *ATTACKS* BEGAN..."

"...THE WORLD'S DEFENDERS LOOKED TO *ME*.

"AND I *LET* THEM.

"I DELUDED MYSELF INTO BELIEVING THAT *BELIEF* ALONE WOULD BE ENOUGH.

"THAT IF SUPERMAN WERE *NEEDED* ONE FINAL TIME, THE ENDORPHIN RUSH WOULD SOMEHOW 'KICK-START' ME BACK TO *FULL* STRENGTH.

"IT WAS A REASONABLE THEORY."

"ONE THAT *COST* US *EVERYTHING.*

"THE *GRIKS* WERE AN INDUSTRIAL SPECIES WITH A SERVICE ECONOMY.

"THEY PROVIDED TECH SUPPORT TO SEVERAL PLANETARY SYSTEMS...

"...MOST NOTABLY THE PLANET *RANN* IN THE ALPHA CENTAURI SYSTEM.

"ONE OF THEIR *ADVANCED* AGRICULTURAL UNITS GAINED *SENTIENCE*...

"...BECAME SELF-AWARE..."

CLARK!

"...LEADING TO A *REVOLT.*

"IT WASN'T THE *FIRST* TIME.*

"THE NEW ROBOTIC LIFE-FORMS ULTIMATELY ESCAPED THEIR MASTERS...

"...MARAUDED THROUGH THE GALAXY. AND THANKS TO MY *ARROGANCE*...

*MYSTERY IN SPACE #53 (AUGUST 1959) --BRITTANY

KEEEEEEEEEEE-

RAAAAKK!

"...WE ALMOST *LOST* EARTH."

AAARGH! MY BACK--!

ALMOST, CLARK.

WE *WON*. WE ULTIMATELY *BEAT* THEM 25 YEARS AGO.

AT WHAT *COST*, JIMMY?

THE REAL IRONY...I WASN'T EVEN *NEEDED*.

THE GRIK MACHINES WERE TAKEN DOWN BY SIMPLE MALIGNANT *CODE STRINGS*.

I *FAILED*, BUT THE WORLD IS STILL PAYING THE *PRICE* FOR IT.

NOW I'M JUST... POWER-LESS...

MAYBE...

...OR MAYBE... JUST DOWN *HERE*...

"The Idiot"

SECURE AREA BRAVO 6

...

...Y'GOTTA BE *KIDDING* ME...

IT'S *TRUE*... IT'S REALLY *HIM*...

STOP THAT.

WE'VE RECEIVED CLEARANCE FROM COMMAND, SIR... *PROCEED*.

MY ENHANCED VISION'S ABOUT ALL I HAVE LEFT.

NO NEED TO *BLIND* M--

YOU'RE *KIDDING*, RIGHT? "NEED"--?

MR. KENT--

--YOU'RE *SUPERMAN*, YOU IDIOT.

THE GRIKS DIDN'T EXACTLY MAKE THEIR WORLD-KILLING PLATFORMS WHEELCHAIR ACCESSIBLE.

I CAN USE WHAT LITTLE'S LEFT OF MY ENHANCED STRENGTH...

...*PULL* MYSELF THROUGH THE WRECK-AGE...

JEEPERS, MR. KENT...

...IT REALLY *HAS* BEEN A WHILE, HUH?

IT'S LIKE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHO I *AM!*

ROAD CLOSED

SMAAASH!

DESPITE ITS BAD SHAPE... MOST SYSTEMS ARE STILL FUNCTIONAL. IN *THEORY*...

...ELEVATING TO LOW ORBIT, *ABOVE* EARTH'S CHARGED ATMO-SPHERE...

...SHOULD *RESTORE* MY *POWERS*. BUT THERE'S A *CATCH*...

...IT'S A *ONE-WAY TRIP*. BECAUSE OF THE OINOS FILTRATE, I CAN NEVER RETURN TO EARTH.

REACTIVAT-ING THIS ATTACK POD MIGHT ALSO *REARM* IT...

...SO OUR MILITARY HAS EQUIPPED IT WITH A *SELF-DESTRUCT* PROTOCOL.

ALL OF WHICH MEANS...

...EITHER THIS STUNT *WORKS*...OR IT *KILLS* ME.

WHICH PROMPTS THE GREATER QUESTION...

...*WHY* BEING "SUPER" IS SO IMPORTANT TO ME...

...THAT I'D RATHER NOT *LIVE* WITHOUT IT?

TELL YOU WHAT--

KK-KLIKK!

--LET'S FIND OUT *TO-GETHER*--

"OKAY, WAIT... *STOP*--"

...CAR-JACK AN *ALIEN SHIP?* SURE.

USE IT TO RISE ABOVE EARTH'S CONTAMINATED ATMOSPHERE...

...TO RESTORE MY *POWERS?* OKAY, I'LL BUY THAT, TOO.

JIMMY OLSEN *VOLUNTARILY* WEARING A *PARACHUTE?*

NICE TRY.

TOO MUCH?

JIMMY WON'T EVEN REACH FOR HIGH *SHELVES.*

"Gatekeeper"

ANOMALY A612
YEAR NINETEEN

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU TOLD THAT STORY?

A BUNCH.

HOW MANY TIMES DID IT *WORK?*

NEVER.

I'M TOO SMART *AND* TOO STUBBORN, CLARK...

...THE LIFE YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING ON TO IS GONE. PRESUMING YOU *SURVIVE...*

...THE WORMHOLE COULD SPIT YOU OUT ANYWHERE IN SPACE... AND IN TIME.

I AM JUST ONE OF COUNTLESS POSSIBLE OUTCOMES OF--

YOU'RE A *GATE-KEEPER.*

YOU *CAN'T* RETURN TO *YOUR* EARTH...

...SO YOU HANG OUT HERE, IN THIS SPACETIME LOOP...

...*DELAY-ING* YOUR OTHER "SELVES" WITH SOME CAUTIONARY TALE OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE JUST *LONG ENOUGH--*

--TO *MAKE SURE* WE PASS THROUGH THE ANOMALY AT PRECISELY THE *RIGHT* MOMENT.

HAR-RUMMPH. DON'T BE RIDICU-LOUS.

YOU WOULDN'T ACTUALLY TELL ME I NEVER MADE IT HOME...

...

...BECAUSE I WOULDN'T WANT TO KNOW.

BECAUSE *HOPE* IS ALL I...ALL *WE* HAVE LEFT.

COME WITH ME.

TO-GETHER WE'LL--

GET ON EACH OTHER'S NERVES, WORSE...

...YOU'LL SECOND-GUESS YOURSELF, LOOK TO ME FOR ANSWERS I DON'T HAVE, CLARK--

--THERE *IS* NO "SUPERMAN." THERE IS ONLY *CLARK.*

EARTH IS ALL YOU'VE EVER KNOWN.

YOU HAVE A ONE-IN-A-MILLION CHANCE OF *FINDING* IT AGAIN.

NEVER TAKE IT...

...NEVER TAKE *HER*...

...FOR GRANTED AGAIN.

Good morning, Clark.

"Signals"

DAY -4

Good morning, Clark.

Day three since passing through Anomaly A612.

By your time measurement criteria.

You have been expelled beyond A612's gravity well.

Exact location unknowable.

You have survived the trauma of gravimetric distress...

...while remaining in an extended state of shock.

This Marquis PSK has, therefore, transmitted...

...an emergency distress beacon.

NEXT:

stranger things

YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN

Epilogue

WELCOME TO L'ORANGE, MS. LANE--

WHITE

HE'S AT HIS PRIVATE BOOTH...

NO, NO--

--DON'T GET UP.

I WOULDN'T DARE.

BREATH-LESS, MS. LANE.

IT'S HOW YOU LEAVE ME.

YOUR MESSAGE SOUNDED CRYPTIC.

I LIKE CRYPTIC.

SPARE ME, LUTHOR.

JUST TELL ME HOW.

DDRRRGGZZZ

TRY THE GAZPACHO.
THEN TELL *ME* ABOUT IT. ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY THE GAZPACHO.
...
...DAMN...
I ALWAYS END UP WITH THE VICHYS-SOISE...
IT'S *HIM*. I KNOW.
HOW DO YOU KNOW.
EDITH GALT MAKES A HOUSE CALL.
THIS ISN'T A HOUSE.
AND IT'S NOT A STROKE.
MIGHT AS WELL BE.
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO?
DID YOU IMAGINE, EVEN FOR A *MOMENT*...
...THAT I HAVEN'T BEEN EXPECTING YOU FOR *WEEKS* NOW.
WHAT *TOOK* YOU SO LONG?
THIS WAS A MISTAKE...
THE MAN'S BEEN PRACTICALLY CATATONIC FOR *MONTHS*.
A REAL REPORTER WOULD HAVE *WRITTEN* ABOUT IT. BUT *YOUR* EGO--
--"ONLY I CAN FIX IT!"
"FIX" HIM? MS. LANE... I *HATE* THE MAN.
YOU KNOW WHY I HATE HIM? BECAUSE HE *BREATHES*.
HE BREATHES, MS. LANE, AND I WANT TO GOUGE MY EYE WITH AN ÉTOUFFÉE FORK.

YOU HATE HIM... BECAUSE YOU *NEED* HIM.

BECAUSE HE DEFINES YOU.

YOU DON'T WANT TO DESTROY HIM...

...YOU WANT TO *BEAT* HIM.

THERE'S A DIFFER-ENCE.

WORSE--YOU CAN'T STAND THE IDEA OF ANYONE...OR ANY*THING*... ELSE BEATING HIM.

AND THERE WE HAVE IT: DEPENDENT PERSONALITY DISORDER.

DEPRESSIVE-CYCLOTHYMIC, NARCIS-SISTIC CLUSTER-B.

YOU AND I SHOULD HAVE MATCHING *JACKETS* MADE.

FUNNY *HATS*.

SO THEN, YOU FIGURE MAYBE IF LUTHOR POKES THE *BEAR*--

--THAT'LL SNAP HIM OUT OF WHATEVER THIS IS.

OKAY--

--DONE.

HUH.

AND WHAT EXACTLY DOES *THAT* MEAN?

THE WORLD.

IT MEANS THE *WORLD*, MS. LANE. AFTER ALL--

--IT'S ALL I EVER WANTED.

WHAT-EVER. HOW DO WE BEGIN...

OH, IT'S *BEGUN*, DEAR--

--YOU HAVE CANCER.

--

--WHAT--?

PANCREATIC ADENO-CARCINOMA. AND FAIRLY ADVANCED...

...MAYBE THE BOUILLA-BAISSE...

HOW--?! WHEN--

I DID IT. JUST NOW.

I'VE BEEN MICRO-TARGETING YOU WITH GAMMA EMISSIONS SINCE YOU ARRIVED.

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE FUNNY, LUTHOR.

YOU ASKED FOR MY HELP. I'VE *HELPED* YOU.

RESCU-ING *YOU*, MS. LANE...

...IT'S WHAT THE MAN *DOES*.

WOULD YOU RATHER I TIED AYOU TO RAILROAD TRACKS?

MS. LANE... I'M THE *DEVIL*.

GIVING ME *CANCER*.

THIS IS WHAT A DEVIL'S BARGAIN *LOOKS* LIKE.

CHIVALRY, MS. LANE, I *ASSURE* YOU--

--IS COMPLETELY *WOKE*.

YOU'RE BEING RIDICULOUS. STOP THIS--

OH, THERE'S NO CURE FOR CANCER, MS. LANE.

IF THERE *WERE*, I'D HAVE INVENTED IT LONG AGO.

OF COURSE, I'M NOT A DOCTOR. GET A SECOND OPINION...

...THEN TELL *HIM*.

THAT OUGHT TO WAKE HIM UP.

AFTER *THAT*...

...LET *HIM* COME TO *ME*.

I'LL BE WAITING.

BY THE WAY... YOU'RE *WEL-COME*.

RX - 11162225
LANE, LOIS
Lenvatinib
18MG
Take one by mouth daily
Rx
Mfg: PHARMA
Qty: 30
NO REFILLS

...?!
YOU'RE HOME.

NOT YET...BUT I'M WORKING ON IT.
MADE BAY SCALLOPS.

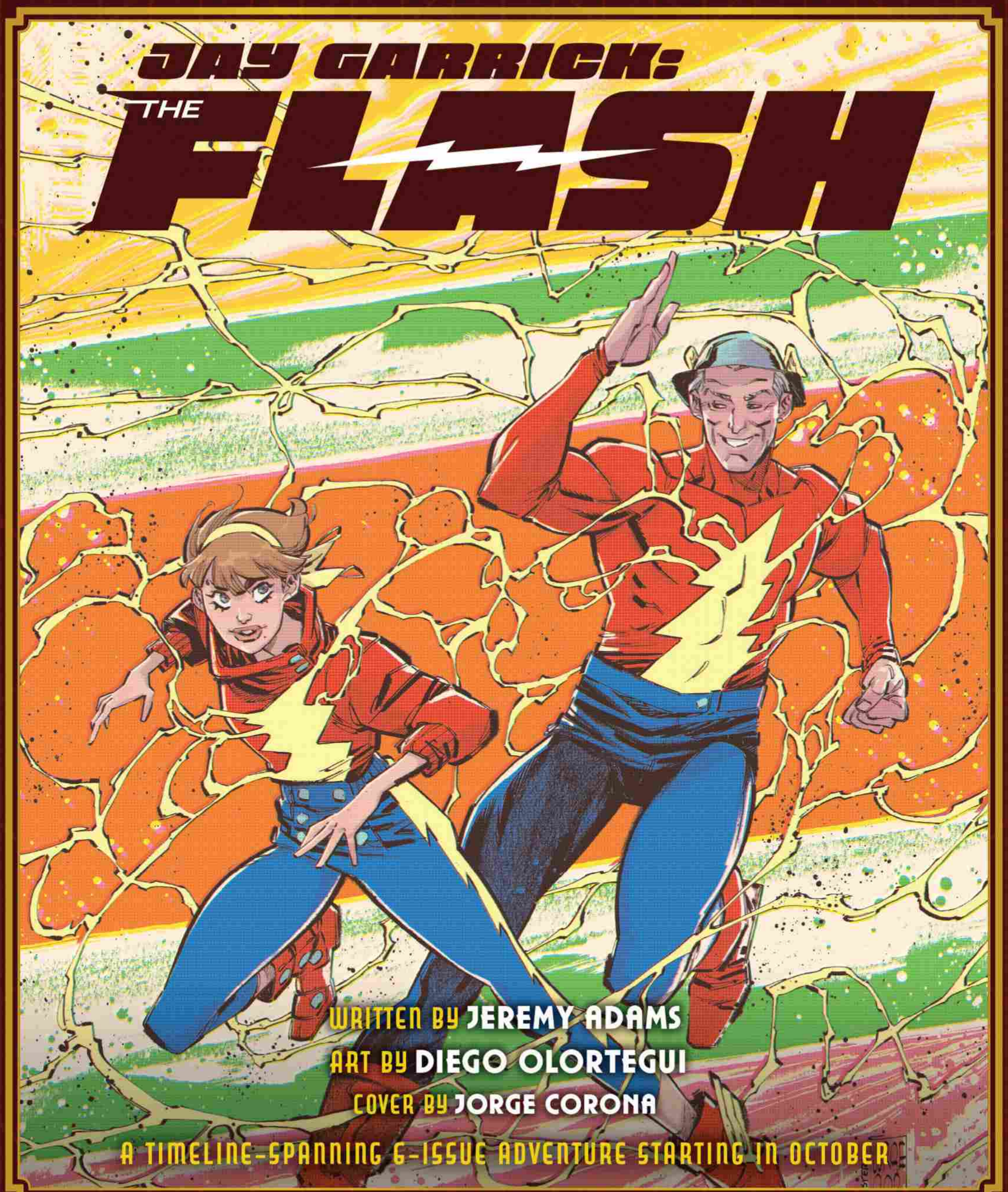
CLARK... I...
WENT TO SEE A DOCTOR TODAY.
?! HOW DID Y--
KARA RECOM-MENDED HIM.

I THINK HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP.
GREAT.

TELL ME ABOUT IT...

SURE.
LATER...

FATHER AND DAUGHTER REUNITE FOR THE RACE OF THEIR LIVES!



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WRITTEN BY **JEREMY ADAMS**
ART BY **DIEGO OLORTEGUI**
COVER BY **JORGE CORONA**

A TIMELINE-SPANNING 6-ISSUE ADVENTURE STARTING IN OCTOBER

DC

DAWN OF DC
THE NEW GOLDEN AGE

DON'T MISS *WESLEY DODDS: THE SANDMAN* #1
AND *ALAN SCOTT: THE GREEN LANTERN* #1,
ALSO DEBUTING IN OCTOBER!

MY NAME IS JAY GARRICK, BUT THEY CALL ME THE FLASH

THIS GIRL RUNNING NEXT TO ME IS MY DAUGHTER JUDY, AND WE CALL HER The Boom

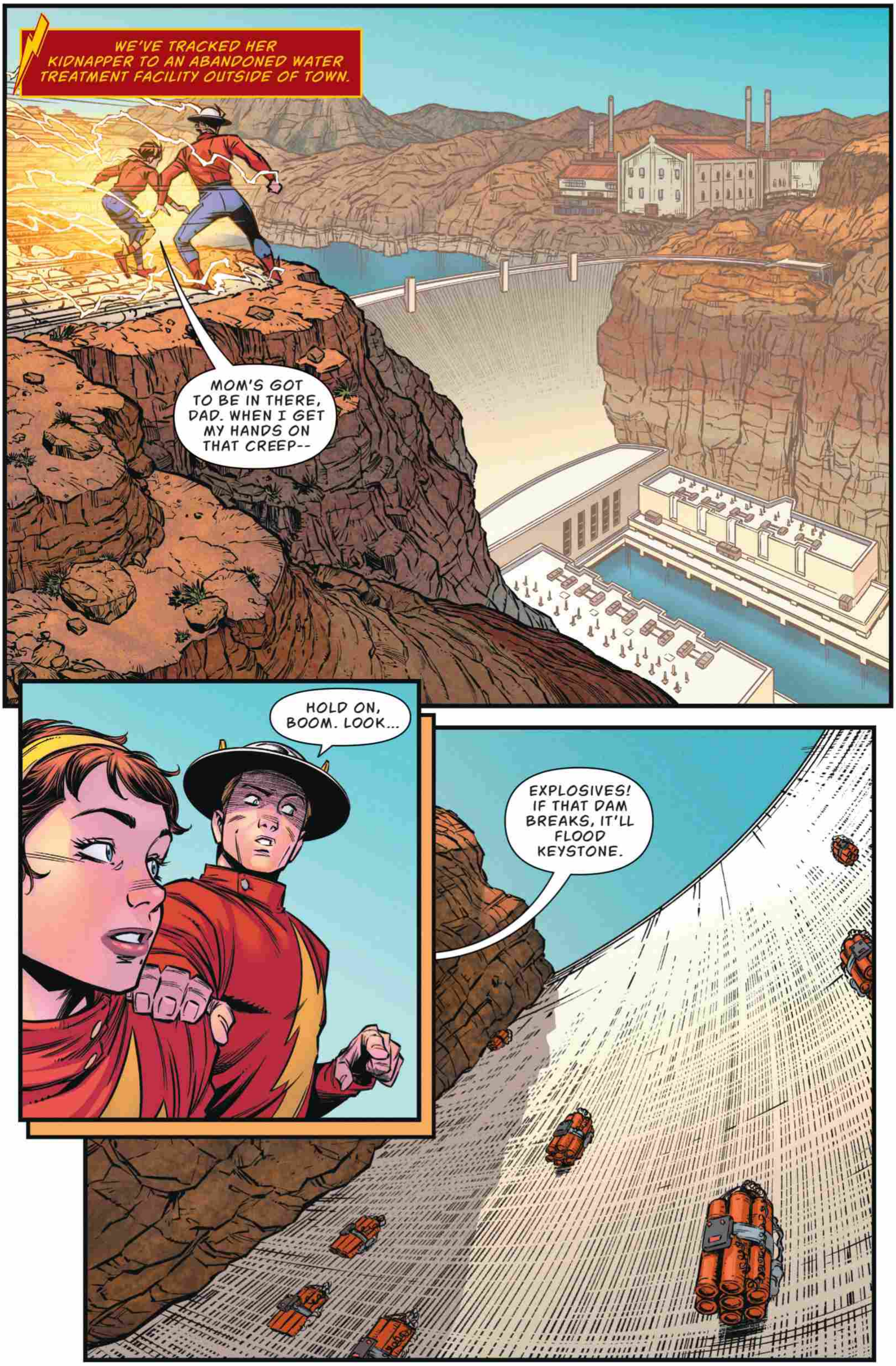
Keystone City, 1963.

WE'RE THE FASTEST PEOPLE ALIVE, AND RIGHT NOW, WE'RE RACING TO SAVE MY WIFE.

JAY GARRICK: THE FLASH #1 PREVIEW

"THE MORE THINGS CHANGE..."

JEREMY ADAMS WRITER
DIEGO OLORTEGUI ARTIST
LUIS GUERRERO COLORS
STEVE WANDS LETTERS


WE'VE TRACKED HER KIDNAPPER TO AN ABANDONED WATER TREATMENT FACILITY OUTSIDE OF TOWN.
MOM'S GOT TO BE IN THERE, DAD. WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON THAT CREEP--
HOLD ON, BOOM. LOOK...
EXPLOSIVES! IF THAT DAM BREAKS, IT'LL FLOOD KEYSTONE.

I'LL DISARM THE EXPLOSIVES, AND--

I'LL SAVE MOM!

JUDY! WAIT!

I WISH I COULD BLAME HER WILLINGNESS TO RUSH INTO DANGER ON JOAN...BUT WE ALL KNOW WHERE SHE GETS HER BULLHEADEDNESS.

I'LL NEED TO GRAB THOSE EXPLOSIVES BEFORE SHE GETS HERSELF IN A HEAP OF TROUBLE.

FWOOOSH

ALL DISARMED. NOW TO FIND JUDY BEFORE--

WAIT...ONE IN THE SHADOWS.

I CAN GET IT BEFORE--

KABOOOM

THAT MUCH WATER MIGHT DO SOME REAL DAMAGE...

I ONLY HAVE SECONDS TO KEEP THIS TOGETHER.

CRAACK

BUT SECONDS ARE ALL THE FLASH NEEDS.

THIS ROCK SHOULD STEM THE FLOW OF WATER. NOW FOR THE CRACKS....
JUST NEED TO CREATE ENOUGH FRICTION TO MELT THE STONE, KEEPING THE CRACKS FROM SPREADING.
MMMM
THAT SHOULD HOLD...AT LEAST FOR NOW. I'LL COME BACK AND REINFORCE IT AFTER I HELP OUT JUDY.
AHHHHHHH!
JOAN!

READ MORE IN JAY GARRICK: THE FLASH #1

DAWN OF DC

DC NATION SPOTLIGHT ON

THE NEW GOLDEN AGE

The New Golden Age expands in October with three-new six-issue series stemming from the pages of *Justice Society of America*, starring three of DC's most beloved and influential heroes! Readers can view these foundational characters through a distinctly modern lens with the era-spanning adventures *Wesley Dodds: The Sandman*, *Jay Garrich: The Flash*, and *Alan Scott: The Green Lantern*.

Plus, jump on board the New Golden Age from the beginning with *The New Golden Age #1 Special Edition*, a new printing of the one-shot that started it all, and *Justice Society of America Gold Edition*, a periodical collection of *Justice Society of America* issues #1, #2, and #3.

Wesley Dodds The Sandman

WRITTEN BY **ROBERT VENDITTI**
ART AND COVER BY **RILEY ROSSMO**

Travel to the noir 1940s as a mysterious foe steals Wesley Dodds's secret chemical journal, full of all the destructive formulas he discovered while developing his sleep gas!

Jay Garrick: The Flash

WRITTEN BY **JEREMY ADAMS**
ART BY **DIEGO OLORTEGUI**
COVER BY **JORGE CORONA**

In the present day, the original Flash reunites with his long-lost daughter, Judy, as the two speedsters rediscover a long-forgotten villain from Jay's past!

Alan Scott The Green Lantern

WRITTEN BY **TIM SHERIDAN**
ART BY **CIAN TORMEY**
COVER BY **DAVID TALASKI**

Alan Scott is the most powerful member of the JSA and a hero to millions, but his courage will truly be tested when facing his greatest villain: the Red Lantern!

DON'T MISS *WESLEY DODDS: THE SANDMAN* #1, *JAY GARRICK: THE FLASH* #1, AND *ALAN SCOTT: THE GREEN LANTERN* #1, ALL ON SALE IN OCTOBER!

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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"